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Pitcher, Free from Morphine, and

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For Indigestion, and Dyspensia,

1-2 lb. bottles, 75 cents; Six bottles,

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dy for sleepless and irritable

ness toward any one. How pitiful seems the weath of angry foes contrasted with the kindly spirit of this true, gentle man. In early days Mr. Garfield was a teacher. But in ripe

At Least an Open Question.

Bennington Battle Monument.

It is a matter of no little public concern ad importance that the monument commen-

and importance that the monument commen-prating Bennington battle should meritorious-y represent the generosity and gratitude of the sons and daughters of New England to

hood he teaches greater lessons to a larg

The Vermont Phoenix MRS. VERMONT RECORD & FARMER

(United May 1, 1880) PUBLISHED EVERY PRIDAY BY FRENCH & STEDMAN. Ranger & Thompson's Block, Main St., BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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Huns either forward or backward, without stopping or changing direction of work. Mas self-setting needle. His no holes to thread in machine or shuttle. Challenges Comparison!

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The most wonderful and perfect Sewing Machine in sistence—stronges! made, most durable, lightest runing. Makes very little noise. Easiest to understand od manage. Has no equal in the beenty and large sings of its work, and is undoubtedly the best Family exing Machine now made. Be certain to see it beore you tury. You will be delighted with it, and will are no other.

I have the General Agency for the New England tates, and sewing Machine dealers in New England bould send for prices of the best-selling machine in he market.

SEWING MACRINES of 10 different ma cek, and the public are invited to come is ne them. If you intend to buy a machine an make a selection from the largest write it. It will pay you to call at my stor

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We do not claim that we can make your old-style machine as good or better than a new one; the idea is too absurd! But we will put it in just as good order as it is possible to make it, and guarantee to make it worth what we charge you for he work. The machine can be removed from the stand and sent to us, and we will fix it and return to you the next day. Our prices will be:

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No. 49 Main Street,

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We expect to take in exchange for goods most kind 7 Farmers' Produce at the very best price the marks

We are receiving a fresh line of JAPAN TEAS, both colored and uncolored. Also OOLONGS that we think are hard to beat.

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Representing the leading Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Hartingfield and Foreign Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies, whose combined Capital and America prompt to Prince Companies. unt to \$134,683,667.84. Also, Heal Estate Agents.
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1927

IX WEEKS OF PREPARATION AND WATCHING FOR THE PRESIDENT-DISTRICT ATTORNEY CORK-

masin of President Garfield : "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. * The ef-fectual, forcent prayer of a righteous man availate rach."

the many forms of Liver Com-plaint, Impure and Impoverished Blood, and Functional Derangements attendant upon Debility, and for Building up the weak, Ash-Tonic is doubtless the most prompt nd certain remedy yet devised. In \$4. Accredited Physicians and Clergymen, who may desire to test exceeding six bottles, at one-half the retail price, money to accom-pany the order. Sold by Druggists, and by D. B. Dewey & Co., 46 Dey

CENTAUR liniment.

The most Powerful. Penetrating and Pain-relieving remedy ever devised by man. It soothes Pain, it allays inflammation it heals Wounds, and it cures RHEUMATISM,

Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Burns, Stiff Joints, Cuts, Swell-ings, Frost bites, Quinsey, Salt Rheum, Itch, Sprains, Galls, and Lameness from any cause. Suf-

PAIN IN THE BACK, Fever Sores, Eruptions, Broken Breasts, contracted Cords, Neuralgia, Palsy or dislocated limbs; and owners of horses, planters, me-chanics, merchants and professional men everywhere, unite in saying, that

CENTAUR LINIMENT brings relief when all other Liniments, Oils, Extracts and Embroca-

Summer **Complaints**

bowels are prevalent, and many lives are lost through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER is a secs cure for Diarrhem, Dys-entery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is perfectly sofe. Rend the following:

Rend the following:

Rend the following:

Frier Davy Path Killer were follow in affect the street following in the following

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all. For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.



ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and Every affection of the

THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, CONSUMPTION. A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN WRITES:

"It does not dry up a cough, and leave the came chind, as is the case with most preparations, but meens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, DO NOT BE DECEIVED by articles bear D'A. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. with the aignature of "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper. 50 Cents and \$1.00 a Bottle

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Bos-ton, Mass. Sold by druggists and dealers generally. TENEMENT TO RENT at No. 19 Western Avenue. Very desirable. Terms reasonable aquire on the premises or at this office. A LL KINDS OF SEASONABLE GOODS cheep at WINSLOW'S, Townshend. GUITEAU AND HIS CRIME.

HILL'S STABILING STORY.

On the 14th inst. United States District Atorney Corkhill furnished the following statement for publication, in order to correct certain erroneous assertions which have been with each bottle, For Flatulency, assimilating the food, Sour Stomach, Feverishness, Worms, and Disor-

It is impossible to prove that prayer has no therapeutic efficacy. It is not improbable that it has such efficacy. It is not improbable that it has such efficacy when brought to bear by others than the sufferer. This is one of the matters as to which the absence of positive knowledge does not authorize us to utter a denial. It is at least an open question. Millions of people, including Colonel Ingersoll, have been praying for upward of ten days for the restoration of the President to health. Some of these pstitions have been accompanied by stately ceremonies and imposing ritualistic forms, while others have been the unexpressed but sincere desire of anxious hearts. We may say that they have made no difference, and that President Garfield would have got along just as well without them; but we do not know this. The prayers may have made a very important difference. Perhaps, after all, that servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, St. James, was wiser than we are when he wrote to the twelve tribes which were scattered abroad; "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and made in relation to Guiteau, the would-be as-

made in relation to Guiteau, the would-be assessin of President Garfield:

The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made: The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington city on Sunday evening, March 6, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and has bearded and roomed at various pisces, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 8, 1881, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store, corner Fifteenth and F streets, this city, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest callitre. He was shown two similar in calibre and only different in price. On Wednesday, June 8, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid \$10, he having in the meantime borrowed \$15 of a gentleman in this city on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening, about 7 o'clock, he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth street, and practiced fring at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding place and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat, and waited his opportunity. On Sunday morning, June 12, he was sitting in Lafayette Park, and saw the President loave for the Christian church on Vermont avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his pocket and followed the President to church. He sucred the church. Christian church on Vermont avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his pocket and followed the President to church. He entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window and found he could reach it without any trouble, and from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window, and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose. He determined to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. Learning from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, the 18th of June, with Mrs. Garfield for Long Branch, he therefore decided to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about 5 o'clock Saturday morning, June 18, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventeenth street and fired five shots to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot, and was in the ladies' waiting room of the depot when the Presidential party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he

Sixth street, got out and went into the depot and loitered around there; had his shoes blacked; engaged a hackman for \$2\$ to take him to the jail; went into the water-closet and took his pistol out of his hip pocket and

contradict certain false rumors in connection with the most atrocious of atrocious crimes.

The Story which Guiteau's Divorced Wife Tells of Him.

The Leadville (Col.) Chronicle gives a re-port of an interview with Mrs. Theodore Dunsmore, the divorced wife of Charles J.

(From the Sunday Tribune.)

Great trials educate a whole nation at once

ly represent the generosity and gratitude of the sons and daughters of New England to those patriots who so heroloally won the victory of August 16, 1777. The governors of Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in their appeal to the officers of the New England Society of the city of New York, use these words: "Gentlemen, the legislature of the state of Vermont incorporated the Bennington Battle Monument Association for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to commemorate the heroic deeds of the men of Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, who, on the 16th of August, 1777, under the command of John Slark, achieved a victory over the invading enemy which scaled the fate of Burgoyne's army and secured the independence of the colonies. An appeal is therefore made to the sons and daughters of New England and New England ancestry, and especially to the sons and daughters of Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, to testify their appreciation of this patriotic endeavor by aiding financially in accomplishing the purposes of the association."

(Signed) Thos. Talbor, Gov. Mass. B. F. Panscorr, Gov. N. H. REDTIELD PROCTOR, GOV. VI. Solicitors are now in the field to procure the sum decided upon to extend upon the Solicitors are now in the field to procure the sum decided upon to expend upon the monument. Subjoined is a list of subscrip-tions already made. tions already made:

ausscalprions or \$500.

Fred'k hillings, Woodstock; H. H. Baxter, Entland;
Thos. Allen, M. Louis, Ma.; Miss Hope H. Conking and Trenor W. Park, Bennington.

sumcattrions or \$200.

Edward S. Isham, Chicago; Miss Charlotte Stark, Dunbarton, N. H.; Hiland Hall, Mrs. A. W. C. Tibbetts, Daniel Robinson, A. B. Gardner, H. G. Root, Philip T. Hubbell, A. B. Valentins and J. G. McCullough, Bennington. tered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he knew he would have another opportunity, he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening the President and his son, and I think United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them and watched them for some time in hones the carriage would

Mark Skinner, Chicago, Ill.; Eutherford B. Hayes, Janin S. Morrill, Dodley C. Denison, C. H. Joyce, C. C. Willard, Joo. H. Flagg, Washington, C. H. Joyce, C. C. Willard, Joo. H. Flagg, Washington, D. C.; E. J. Phelps, Buringien, Y. I.; S. B. Dewey, Rochester, N. Y.; Porf, A. L. Parry, Williamstown, Mass.; Redneld Proctor, Ruthard, V. I.; G. L. Lucoin, Nathan Adams, Girs Washridge, W. H. and H. C. Webb, L. M. Bates, G. F. Spaulding, Geo. Jones Geo. Blark, Dr. A. L. Loonis, Levi P. Mortion, Russell Sage, Edward P. Hatch, L. E. Chiltenden, New York; E. K. Beranton, Reconstruct, C. E. Thilon, J. C. Tibbetta, Tilbon, N. M.; Jacob Estey & Co., Perrey Starr, Brattleboro; Isaac Jennings, John W. Vall, Mrs. Jethro Gerry, A. M. Huling, S. B. Sanford, L. H. Graves, Olin Scott, Wm. Mergan, Chae, E. Welling, H. E. Bratford & Co., Chae, Thatcher, Beninligton. SCHOCKIPTIONS OF \$100. pistol and followed them and watched them for some time in hopes the carriage would stop, but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1, he was sitting on a seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth street and then kept on the opposite side of the street upon Fifteenth until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He waited at the corner of Mr. Morton's lateresidence, corner of Fifteenth and H streets.

residence, corner of Fifteenth and H streets, for some time, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention. he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President er, Bennington.

SCHSCEIPTIONS OF \$50.

F. B. Jeunings, C. B. Waite, Hart Tunner, L. G. B. Cannon, F. E. Taylor, M. W. Cooper, Daniel Robinson, C. F. Moulton, New York; B. H. Adams, Brookin; W. W. Easton, Minnespolis, Minn; W. W. Crapo, New Bedford, Mans.; J. G. Hnith, St. Albanis; Nathau Huntington, Rochester, N. Y.; John B. Fage, Shoiden & Slasen, Elpley & Soos, Clement & Sons, Rutland; S. O. Glesson, Troy, N. Y.; G. W. Hooker, Brattlebero; M. C. Hullang, G. W. Harmon, McEowen & Wood, Wm. E. Hawks, Bennington. amined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together and he followed over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapen. On the morning of Saturday, July 2, he breakfasted at the Riggs House about seven o'clock. He then walked up in-to the park and sat there for an hour. He then took a an shorse avenue car and rode to Sixth street, ed out and went into the denot

E. Hawks, Bennington.

SUBSCRIPTIONS OF 222.

A. P. Childs, J. T. Shurtleff, Buel Bockwood, C. Z. Houghton, C. S. Colvin, S. H. Blackmer, Hennington; J. H. Baxter, Wm. Webb, G. B. Alvord, Washington, D. C.; G. S. Robinson, Teop. N. Y.; Loveland Mauson, E. B. Burton, M. C. Colurn, A. G. Clark, J. B. Hollister, Burton & Co., Rob't Anes. C. B. Munson, Manchester, V., D. L. Kent, Durset, V.; J. W. Grumpton, J. M. Haven, Bulland, V.; S. W. Shiley, E. D. Rebinson, Sam'l Robinson, Geo. Coulding, George L. Schuyler, Geo. P. Rowell, Horstin Loomins, S. W. Alvre, Bussell A. Irish, Dr. Geo. A. Paters, H. L. Powers, M. A. Scone, New York; W. Currier, St. Louis, Mo.; H. H. Wheeler, Jamales, VI.; Chas, N. Davenout, J. M. Tyler, Brattleboro.

SCHECHTONS URDER 225. and took his pistol out of his hip pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of prevent-ing the perspiration from the body dampen-ing the powder; examined his pistol, care-fully tried the trigger and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting-room, and as soon as the President entered advanced behind him and fired two shots.

These facts I think can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false runners in connection

SUBSCRIPTIONS UNDER \$25.

Dunsmore, the divorced wife of Charles J. Guiteau. She was married to Dunsmore at Boulder, Cot., in 1878, and is now residing in Denver. She showed the decree of divorce granted in 1874 on the ground of adultery, allowing her alimony and prohibiting Guiteau from marrying until her death. She says he was very cruel to her from the time of the marriage; that when he was a member of Henry Ward Beecher's church he would lead to rever and as a control was LIGHTNING STROKES.—An unusual number of casualties from lightning are taking place this summer, many of which are fatal. It is worthy of remark that, while important discoveries have been made in electricity within the last 100 years, the phenomenon of lightning is but little better understood than it was centuries ago. The thunder which accompanies lightning has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for, nor has the snap attending the electric spark. Thunder is said to have never been heard more than fourteen miles from the flash. How far away a stroke of lightning is may be determined with sufficient accuracy by allowing a mile for every five seconds between the flash and the report. Light being supposed to travel at the rate of about 200,000 miles a second is practically instantaneous for short distances, while sound travels in the same time only about 1100 feet. Timid people will not intrequently find counting a good way to reassure themselves when a thunder storm is raging. If the interval between the flash and the report is 15 seconds, the danger is 3 miles away from them. A person in the immediate neighborhood of a flash of lightning hears only one sharp clap, which is particularly charm when an object is struck by it. Henry Ward Beecher's church he would lead in prayer, and as soon as the meeting was dismissed would tell her of some of his swind-ling schemes; that when given a note to col-lect he would turn over only one-half of the collection and report it was impossible to collect the remainder. Her friends urged her to get a divorce, which she did. She was afterward a clerk in the treasury department at Washington. He never paid any alimony. Last February she received a note from him requesting permission to remary. She an-Last February she received a note from him requesting permission to remary. She answered saying her permission would be granted on his paying \$100. He wrote again, saying he had no money, but was about to marry a wealthy lady and would pay the money as soon as he was married. To this she paid no attention. She thinks the attempt to assassinate the President was simply prompted by his morbid desire for notoriety, for which he would, she thinks, give his life. immediate neighborhood of a flash of lightning hears only one sharp clap, which is particularly sharp when an object is struck by it.
If the observer himself is struck, he does not
usually hear any report at all. A person at a
distance hears the same report as a prolonged
peal, or as several successive peals. It is a
tolerably well established fact that many persons killed by lightning are struck by the returning stroke, which comes out of the ground
in the vicinity of the spot which receives the
original stroke, and is in every respect as
dangerous,—Philadeiphia Record. Great trials educate a whole nation at once, The people will nover realize how much they have learned within the past week. In knowledge of merely material things, the whole nation has grown wiser; it has been studying physical injuries, their nature and treatment, with such intense interest that there are thousands of schoolboys to-day who know more of such subjects than their fathers did a week ago. But this is an insignificant part of the knowledge gained. Moral culture has been advanced, how much we can only surmise. There are inilitions of men and women who realize now, as they never did before, the value of calm fortitude, resolute will and strict obedience in every emergency. For years to come there will be

Some of the Indian girls at Mr. Moody's Northfield school are said to be very jealous of their dignity. Some of them are the daugh-ters of chiefs and consider themselves quite aristocratic. They make rapid improvement, however, and it will be impossible for them to go back to the old tribal life.

Miscellany.

Thank God! To-day, in various phrase. The sixtee lifes its solamn praise, A million paless beat as one, While swift the joyous tidings run That Heaven hash happy answer sent, and God bath saved our President.

So sturdy hands in haunts remote, From humber camp and fisher's bost, Upraised in glad revision, chap White scholar-hands in friendly grasp And children's sweet, fresh voices cry "The cloud is vanished from the sky." The land o'erflows with deep cuntent, For God bath saved our Fresident. Our President! We crown him now With greener laurels on his brow, A stantiess, brave fit Galahad, In robes of spotless whiteness chall, When faint at ebb of parting life, His manly courage cheered his wife, Who, in this hoirs of pain and carry to armored by a world at prayer, whose most the tenderest pray lent To our "God save the President!"

O moste husbed, O bells that hung In tower and porch with ellent tong The while in sorrow were away Our gloomiest Independence Day. The white in dependence Day,
Strike up in wreathen splenders rare,
Clasti grandly on the throbbing air !
O flags, half-must to flatter fam
When hissed that sandset whisper, "Niain."
Bloom brightly labe waving flowers,
To greet he rapt and radiant hours!
O beople, kneel in reverent awe—
For God is love, and hove is law—
And own, in praise with trembing blent,
That God hath saved our President!

—Harror's flatter.

SICK HEADACHE. Cocks had crowed and hens had cackled for a full hour at least. This was a world of scratching, they said to themselves, and eggs were not built in a day. Early to bed and early to rise makes fowls healthy and lively and wise. The robins in the apple-trees, the swallows in the barn, the little brown phobes that held town meetings in the meadow, had been piping and trilling that it was day, day, till they half expected to hear the noon bell ringing. The shy quall in the hedge-row had called their warning of "hot and dry, hot and dry," over and over, to any ears that would listen. The spiders had long since hung out their gittering webs a-drying on the wild-rose bushes. The bells of the morning glory, blue and pink and purple, had swung for hours outside the buttery window, before the delinquent Aunt Larkin lifted the latch and entered, not as her wont was, quickly, as with desire, but on leaden feet of dull resolve, and looking white as her own lines. A Hygienic Love Story.

There stood the row of milk-pails waiting There stood the row of milk-pails waiting to be emptied, to be washed, to be spread in the sun, already fierce and hot outside. There was the long array of pans mantling with yell-w cream. There, in the corner, waited the exacting churn, the dasher leaning toward her hand with what seemed a malevolent readiness. As she took up the skimmer the kitchen clock struck six.

"Oh deer" sinhed Aunt Larkin. "Doorn."

the kitchen clock struck six.

'Oh, desr," sighed Aunt Larkin, "'mornin' lost, evenin' crossed."

But when, with conscientious care, she had
stripped the third pan of its rich abundance,
she laid down her weapons, so to speak, and
capitulated to the one foe able to conquer
that resolved soul.

"Thanny," she called, at the foot of the
stairs.

of swords. And the droning hum of bees, plunging deep in the white sweetness of the syringas, was as the bray of a trombone. Her heavy limbs ached, to ache the more as she tried to rest them in new positions. It seemed to her that the deadly nausea was in ber feet, in her arms, in her spine—every-to the spine spine seemed to her that the deadly nausea was in the feet, in her arms, in her spine—every-to the spine spin her feet, in her arms, in her spine—everywhere.

That the entrance of any human being,
even her beloved Thanny, would be unendurable, she knew. But ob, if some phantom,
some invisible, inaudible agency, would but
turn the swivel of the blind, where a ray of
abhorrible sunlight was already creeping in!
How could she ever have let that bottle of
Robernian these stand on her bureau even

vecompase of the color of the c and higher, cattle browned, sheep fattened, buds blossomed, crops grew. Among these the plantage at the village academy flourish-ed apace. Here lay the daily toil of Mr. Na-

the plantage at the village academy flourished apace. Here lay the daily toil of Mr. Nathan Larkin, assistant principal, a sensitive, conscientious fellow, of indomitable will, loving work, and toiling to kindle in duller brains and lighter natures his own enthusiasm and his own reactive. The Ray, Edward Granniss, B.D., Lil.D., principal of the Quabeag seminary, being a gentleman of phlegmatic temperament, much addicted to heavy dimners at noonday, was quite willing to let his esteemed young friend do most of the pulling of the double team, especially through the hard places, though simply for his own improvement, of course.

Thus the youth, taking no rest, spending of his intense personelity with prodigal readiness, inheriting from his mother a set of tense and swift-responding nervees, found himself beset, once a fortnight or so, by the same fiend, sick headache, which had devastated years of her useful life. He was young and heroic. Sometimes he could grapple with its hold it will not the head and the head and the head with the head and the part of the could grapple with its head the head and the head and heroic.

did before, the value of calm fortitude, resolute will and strict obedience in every sensore will and strict obedience in every emergency. For years to come there will be better patients in thouseholds better patients in thouseholds. How many wives and mothers are there who have learned nothing from Mrs. Garfield? Everybody stopped to think a moment on inauguration day, when it was eadd the President kiased his wife and mother immediately after taking the oath of office. But now who does not realize more keenly than ever before the incalization between the next will be the late Postmater General Rey, but the pure light of such a bright example will not make better men and women in many a home hereafter? For a week it is as if the nation have hereafter? For a week it is as if the nation have hereafter? For a week it is as if the nation have hereafter? For a week it is as if the main hor week it is as if the nation have hereafter? For a week it is as if the main hor week the three that here and breathing, and listening at the boddle of a main in sore distress, counting his pulses, noting his emperature and breathing, and listening to every whispered word. But neither the near approach of death nor he agony of long-continued suffering has drawn from the President a word of anger or vindictive-the near approach of death nor he agony of long-continued suffering has drawn from the President a word of anger or vindictive-the near approach of death nor he agony of long-continued suffering has drawn from the President a word of anger or vindictive-the near approach of death nor he agony of long-continued suffering has drawn from the President as word of anger or vindictive-the near approach of death nor he agony of long-continued suffering has drawn from the President as word of anger or vindictive-the near approach of death nor he agony of long-continued suffering has drawn from the President as word of anger or vindictive-the near approach of death nor he agony of long-continued suffering has drawn from the President

An and very few to leve."

He fancied he knew how she would look: slight, sandy-complexioned, her light, characteriess hair very nest and wholly uninteresting, her dress very upright and uncompromising about the biases, collars and outly primand spotiess—no "sweet neglect" about her, nor even 'th' adulteries of art," which not withstanding Ben Jonson, be thought most bewitching. She was so distant a cousin that kinship had not made the invitation obligatory. But his mother had dearly loved her mother, and when that gentle widow wrote that her dear Allis had returned, and that she longed to have her ever-beloved Candaos know her before she settled down to her profession, the ever-beloved and ever-obliging Candace replied at once that the young trav-Candace replied at once that the young trav-

Candace replied at once that the young trav-eler should be made welcome.

A caravan of unexpected guests could not upset Aunt Larkin's perfect order, nor find her garrison unprovisioned. But she confid-ed to Thanny that she "expected a girl't had lived to Paris would find their way of livin' dreadful old-fashioned and common." And he guessed that she secretly dreaded the in-cursion, as he did. Polite he would certain be be but he thought he would more his

or these siners he reckoned lemale doctors chiefest.

As he opened the kitchen door, Obadiah's Sarah stood revealed, buxom, red-armed, good-natured, carefully straining aromatic broth into a china bowl. "Tras her notion," she explained. "I shouldn't never have teched the best set—no, nor made the soup neither—'thout tellin'. I took her up the toast an' tea, 's you said, an' she never looked at 'em. But she said she must take suthin', an' she made it herself. You never see such a handy little thing. My! I guess the full soul could eat that mess. Honey-comb's cloyin' alwaz. I never see the force of that tex'. An' she gave her some sort o' revivin', medicine 't didn't have no taste or smell, 's fur's I see, an' she's a-settin' up a'ready, an' sez her headache's most gone, an' I never knowed her out o' bed before in less 'n two days, when 't really took hold on less 'u two days, when 't really took hold on

what meaning even so close a translator of difficult tongues as Mr. Nathan Larkin would have distilled from this speech may not be known. For at this pause there appeared in the opposite door the most satisfactory gloss imaginable. A fluffy head, all blonde curls, puffs, frizzes, he knew not what; pink checks; isuphing brown eyes; shinning teeth; a cambric gown that might have awed him, had it not been more picturesque than fashionable; trim slippered feet beneath its abbreviated crispness—behold the key to Sarah's whole obscurity!

"I am Allis Putnam," said the phantom of delight, coming forward with frank hand outstretched, "and I beg your pardon for coming unannounced. But we found the late train did not connect. And mamma said Aunt Larkin could not be taken at a disadvantage. Having come, my professional nose sniffed action at once. Sarah was the best of assistants"—shedding a brilliant smile on that staring neophyte, which Nathan was inclined to consider a waste of riches—"and between us we have really set your mother on her feet again. Now I'm going to administer my next remedy, and then you may talk with her as long as she will listen. I think we can persuade her out on this lovely veranda." And the doctor disappeared with her savory broth.

"Don't she beat all?" inquired the bust-

own snare with due satisfaction, and equally supposed the rich preserves, the fruity cake, the crumbling tarts, and the delicate strong tea, set forth in the best china to bonor the visitor, who, much to Sarah's disappoint-ment, elected brown-bread and milk, after

out for nobody," found herself permanently installed in that cool and spotless kitchen within three days of Dr. Allis's advent. Aunt Larkin having repeated for thirty years that she "didn't see the sense of havin' a girl clutsome invisible, inaudible agency, would but turn the swivel of the blind, where a ray of abhorrible sunlight was already creeping in! How could she ever have let that bottle of Bohemian glass stand on her bureau, even though Thanny had given it her, filled with cologue for her poor head! Its vivid red seemed to smite her through the cloud of dull pain above her brows. And if she shut her eyes, it did but glare the redder. Than, where the same time one afternoon, of the her eyes, it did but glare the redder. Than, where the same time one afternoon to find his mother promises.

them, and spend an idle day in that great
Vanity Fair.
But to morrow it was Nathan's turn. His
head was chained to his pillow with shackles
of pain. It was esaskeness, he said to himself, without the palsy of the will. It was fever, without the blessed intervals of unconsciousness. It was the rack, the thumbscrew, the iron boot. If the faint stirrings
of desire might be called hope, he hoped his
mother would not prescribe magnesia, or

ser, without the blessed intervals of unconsciousness. It was the rack, the thumb-sciousness. It was the rack, the thumb-sciousness. It was the rack, the thumb-screw, the iron boot. If the faint stirrings of desire might be called hope, he hoped his mother would not prescribe magnesia, or bring him the dreaded "cup o' tea."

By-and-by came Dr. Allis, with noiseless prescription. As the slow hours dragged on, the headache yielded grudgingly, irresoluted by with spasms of re-asserting power. Next day Nathan was free from pain, but iired out and despondent. Sitting in the cool dusk of the honeysuckles, he said, "I'd give a third of my life, Allis, to buy off those headaches from the rest of it. Sometimes I think they will shut me out from any career whatever. Can't you cure them, little Galen?"

"Nothing could be more refined," he said to himself. "My mother's house, even, does not look half so feminism."

But if the canny Mrs. Putham had expected that her pretty and professional daughter would establish herself in another vocation when she sent her on a missionary visit among the Franklin hills, hers was a hope deferred. For it was a year after this before the honeysuckles, he said, "I'd give a third of my life, Allis, to buy off those headaches from the rest of it. Sometimes I think they will shut me out from any career whatever. Can't you cure them, little Galen?"

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from the medical college, and walked the hospitals abroad for a year, who had written a prize treatise on some disgusting and sanguinary subject, and no doubt practiced viviscotion, should be, to his thinking, though for quite opposite reasons, like Wordsworth's Locy,

"A maid whem there were none to praise, And very few to love."

He faucied he knew how she would look: slight, sandy-complexioned, her light, characsterises hair very nest and wholly unintaresting, her dress very upright and uncompronising about the biases, collars and suffa prim and spetices—no "tweet neglect" about her, nor even 'th' adulteries of art," which not withstanding Bon Jonson, be thought nost bewitching. She was so distant a consin that kinship had not made the invitation obligato
"Thair journey, and thirth. She would clean two rooms in a day—paint, win-dows and all—churn, get the dinner for a great family of 'men folks,' take care of her obliden, and make a pair of pantaloons before bed-time. Of course she had to bequeath to her girls this same overwrought mental and physical condition. Annt Larkin, with less muscular strength than her mother, has emulated her achievements, and, half starved hieraring."

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mother before her, made generous aving a primal duty."
"That's just what I say, child. 'Generous living' is sure to be semi-starvation. You have had the finest of bread, and delicious, fatal 'light biscuit,' and cake, and preserves, and pastry, and insidious flapjacks, and rich doughnuts, and incessant coffee, and salt fish fried with pork scraps, and heavy 'boiled dishes' veited in a film of fat, and fresh meats fried, and sausages, and spare-rib, toujesers spareand sausages, and spare-rib, toujours spare-rib. What has your brain found in this Barmecide feast? What food for your delicate, tense nerves? Do you think it any wonder that they collapse, as it were, from inantition twice a month or so? All your life inanition twice a month or so? All your life you have gorged yourself (pardon the expression, but I am in a temper—professional, of course) on hydro-carbonacoous foods, imponing monstrous tasks on your rebellious liver, which 'strikes' and spreads disaffection throughout the ranks of its associates. You are starving for vital phosphates. Didn't you study physiology at school? Perhaps you teach it, even, and what do you care for its accred teachings? Yes, I meny sacred. Those's cursion, as he did. Polite he would cortainly be, but he thought he would move his books out to the stable loft, and live as little at home as possible while Dr. Allis remained. He wished women would keep to their own sphere and let men's work alone. By the time the two seasions were ever, the compositions inspected, all the school "chores" done, and his face turned homeward, he was sure that he detested unwomanly women, and of these sinners he reckoned female doctors chiefest.

As he opened the kitchen door, Obadiah's Apolio, and what do you know or care about your own skiu, that texture of miraculous your own akin, that texture of miraculous skill? You read that Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove. But why should you ex-pect wisdom to be born from yours? You use it without mercy sixteen hours a day. You are subject to that fatal drain which stu-

You are subject to that fatal drain which stu-pidity is always making upon cleverness. There's no vampire like it. You never play. Why don't you swim, ride, dance, row, play base-ball, practice archery, whist, and go to town every vacation for an instructive course of theatres?"

"When Allis? Why, there isn't time. I leave out half the work I ought to do as it in."

is."

''Ought! ought! Oh dear! how shall we stop the roll of that Juggernaut which crushes all your race? You have no pure joy in existence. It doesn't oven seem that you have any love of life in itself. It's only useful for the work you can wring out of it. You make yourself less than your moods and tenses, less than your butter and obesee. Time! If there isn't time to get well and keep well, you'd better change for eternity, as you will, my dear young friend, if you don't reform. I know that the kind of headsohe which you and Aunt Larkin are cursed with never comes except with overwork and under feeding. and Aunt Larkin are cursed with never comes except with overwork and under feeding. Sie must go on to suffer, poor thing, though less, I hope. But you can cure yourself if you will. Obey me, and you shall be a new mau in a year, giving me that delight in your growing health which an artist feels in his growing picture."

"Dear Allis, I abhor bran, and mother would never cook it."

"Dear simpleton, who asked you? No, you

would never cook it."

"Dear simpleton, who asked you? No, you shall have delicious soups, and inviting meats, and salads of celestial lineage, and vegetables, and milk, and such bread as you have never tasted, made of flour whose whole value has not paid tribute to the miller."

"But Obadiah's Sarah..."

"Oh yes, she can. I'll teach her. We can do it all, and more, if you will only persuade your mother that it is my lark, or your whim, or what you will, so that we do not seem to subvert the law of generations, or reproach

that resolved soul.

"Thanuy," she called, at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, mother," answered a cheerful voice from among the like bushes, and a brown curly head, set on the slender shoulders of young manhood, showed itself in the door way. "What, another of the evil brood! Go straight to bed, mother. Til go right over for Obadiah's Sarah. And I'll make you some tea, and manage my own breakfast. Don't you worry about me. But you seel was right, mother. You must have a girl. Shall I help you up stairs?"

"No, dear. You just see to yourself. The coffee is ready, and the bread's in the stone pot, and there's pleuty of doughnuts, and a currant pic, and dried beef, and cheese in the buttery; and if you want to fry yourself a piece of meat, there's the fat in the red jar, and the veal's out in the spring-house."

But though the mother-instinct insisted on thus making the way easy for it young, human nature shuddered at this catalogue, and poor Aunt Larkin staggered to her bed too horribly ill to speak again for hours. Sight and sound were alike dreadful. The swifting of the wooing bobblink swinging out of the wooing both of wanging out of the wooing both with swinging out of the wooing both with swinging deep in the while sweetness of the syringas, was as the ste bray of a trombone man, incred her sensitive care like the steely clash of swords. And the droning hum of bees, plunging deep in the while sweetness of the syringas, was as the bray of a trombone man, in the spring-face, but she's so 'fraid o' givin' trouble! That's whit Call a real's out in the spring-face, but she's so 'fraid o' givin' trouble! That's whit I call a real lady."

If Nathan guessed that the name of this extone the satisfaction, and equally unjoyed the rich preserves, the fruity cake, the satisfaction bound was a composite of the wooing hum of bees, plunging deep in the while sweetness of the syringas, was as the bray of a trombone man, in the bayering and the satisfaction of a trombone man, in the best clina to honor the year of the syringas

"Slowly their phantoms rise before us,
Our lottier brothers, but one in blood;
At hed and table they lord it over us
With hots of beauty and words of good."
"Admirable, Master Nathan! I can stay
two weeks longer to see my remedies in action, and then you are to be on honor. At
the Thanksgiving vacation come to town, and
I will administer the course of theatres

advised, and measure your improvement. To morrow afternoon, if you please, we will go to the top of that beautiful purple hill, up which you have not had the civility to invite

day Nathan was free from pain, but iired out and despondent. Sitting in the cool dusk of the honeysuckles, he said, "I'd give a third of my life, Allis, to buy off those headaches from the rest of it. Sometimes I think they will shut me out from any career whatever. Can't you cure them, little Galen?"

'No, Herr Professor, not while you invite them, solicit them, compet them."

'I, Allis? I don't give them an inch of vantage. I rise early, go to bed early, don't even smoke, and fight them to the death when they come.

'Nathan, I should like to talk to you for your good, though you'll hate me for it. You'e half forgotten that I am a female doctor; but as a person I am less objectionable than you feared. There pity of my life to disturb this state of amity. But at heart I'm professional above all things, and you see!

can't ativise your mother lest I seem disrespectful."

'Lay on, Madeuff.' I dare say I shap.'t